I heard you say, Is not my arme of length,
That reacheth from the restfull English Court
As farre as Callis, to my Vncles head?
Amongst much other talke, that very time,
I heard you say, that you had rather refuse
The offer of an hundred thousand Crownes.
Then *Bullingbrookes* returne to England; adding withall,
How blest this Land would be, in this your Cosins death.
Aum. Princes and Noble Lords:
What answer shall I make to this base man:
Shall I so much dishonour my faire starres,
On equall termes to give him chastisement?
Eyther I must, or have mine honour spoyl'd
With th' Attendor of his sland'rous lips,
There is my Gage, the manuall seale of death
That markes thee out for hell. Thou lyest,
And will maintaine what thou hast sayd, is false,
In thy hearts blood, though being all too base,
To staine the temper of my Knightly sword.
Bul. Bagot forbeare, thou shalt not take it up.
Aum. Excepting one, I would he were the best
In all this presence, that hath moovd me so.
Fitz. If that thy valour stand on sympathies:
There is my Gage, *Aumerle*, in Gage to thine:
By that faire sunne, that shewes me where thou stand'st,
I heard thee say, (and vantingly thou spak'st it)
That thou wer't cause of Noble *Glosters* death.
If thou denyest it, twenty times thou lyest,
And I will turne thy falsehood to thy heart,
Where it was forged, with my Rapiers poynt.
Aum. Thou dar'st not (Coward) live to see the day.
Fitz. Now by my Soule, I would it were this houre.
Aum. Fitzwater thou art damn'd to hell for this.
Per. Aumerle, thou lyest: his honour is as true
In this appeale, as thou art all unjust:
And that thou art so, there I throw my Gage
To prove it on thee, to th' extreamest poynt
Of mortall breathing. Seize it if thou dar'st.

Aum.

Aum. And if I doe not, may m
And never brandish more reveng
Over the glittering Helmet of m
Sur. My Lord *Fitzwater*:
I doe remember well, the very ti
Aumerle, and you did talke.
Fitz. My Lord,
'Tis very true: You were in prese
And you can witnesse with me,
Sur. As false, by heaven,
As heaven it selfe is true.
Fitz. Surry, thou lyest,
Sur. Dishonourable Boy;
That lye shall lye so heauy on m
That it shall render Vengeance
Till thou the Lye-giver, and tha
In earth as quiet, as thy Fathers
In proote whereof, there is mine
Engage it to the Tryall, if thou
Fitz. How fondly dost thou
If I dare eate, or drinke, or breath
I dare meete *Surry* in a Wilde
And spit upon him, whilst I say
And lies, and lies: there is my
To tye thee to my strong Corr
As I intended to thrive in this
Aumerle is guilty of my true a
Besides, I heard the banish'd N
That thou *Aumerle* didst send
To execute the Noble Duke at
Aum. Some honest Christian
That *Norfolke* lies, here doe I th
If he may be repeald, to try h
Bul. These differences shall
Till *Norfolke* be repeal'd: repe
(And though mine Enemy) rest
To all his Lands and Seigniories
Against *Aumerle* we will info

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WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard II* (STC 22313) LONDON, 1634 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.45)